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Wedgwood's art. Mr. Robie must have studied raspberries with the full force of four out of his five senses. He has watched the rich bloom on the crimson fruit come and go, until his eyes have become tired with studying the changes wrought by purple upon crimson. He must have tasted the fruit, and plucked it from its hiding-place beneath the prickly leaves before breakfast, to have been capable of thoroughly appreciating the judicious combination of juiciness and colour which he gives to the fruit in the picture. And he must have possessed himself of some subtle means of making imagination reality, for we unmistakably catch the smell of raspberries as we pause before his painting. As a careful and exact study of fruit and flowers, this picture is not to be matched in the Academy. From fruit and flowers it seems but a step to orange-blossoms and satin, and would that we could treat 'The Wedding-Dress' (F. D. Hardy) with all that cheerful respect it deserves. But orange-blossom and satin are not always typical of unalloyed happiness and pleasure, as we may learn from the following pathetic lines of Hood:

"And oh! those maidens young,
Who wrought in that dreary room,
With figures drooping and spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom."

We heartily commend this picture to the notice of some Society for relieving Distressed Needlewomen, not with the view of mitigating the distress brought about by want of work, but the ill-health, suffering, and ultimate want constantly being provoked by too much of it. And, as there are quite as many ladies interested in such subjects on the American as on the English side of the Atlantic, we take leave to print the number this picture bears in the catalogue, which is No. 1177. And, to enforce a suitable moral

from the foregoing, we would refer to a painting of some importance by W. C. Symons, hanging in another gallery. An aged monk drops wearily down on to a bench at the foot of the steps leading to the chapel of his monastery. He is a very old man, yet to the hour of his death he has added works to his faith. He has been away on the ordinary service of the monastery, doing his share of the labour of the day, and has just reached home heavily laden with the contributions in kind gathered from the charitable of the neighbourhood. Zeal in doing his duty has told upon the good old man, and the cord is about to snap which bound him to life. 'In Hora Mortis' (which is the appropriate title of the picture) he is permitted to say: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness"—(2 Timothy iv. 7, 8). The old man is dying, and the good monks his brothers are coming down the chapel-steps to administer the sacrament of extreme unction.

In drawing these remarks to a close, we must be content with merely briefly mentioning the works of leading interest for us in the Sculpture Gallery. Foremost among these are Marshall Wood's 'Her Majesty the Queen' in marble, executed for the Parliament-house of Toronto, wrought in this artist's usual careful and finished style; and a bronze bust of 'Stonewall Jackson,' by the late J. S. Foley, R.A., "Presented by Friends in Great Britain to Virginia." We had hoped to see more work from American artists in the galleries of Burlington House; but, with the exception of Mr. Bradford's 'Panther in the Ice,' and a very spirited study of sea and sky by Mr. W. T. Richards, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, there is not another contribution from our American studios.

CHAS. E. PASCOE.

ART IN WASHINGTON.



THE works of art ordered by Congress during the past session are exclusively sculptural, as follows: An equestrian statue of General Nathaniel Greene, by H. K. Brown, in bronze, \$50,000; pedestrian statue of Admiral Farragut, by Miss Vinnie Ream, in bronze, \$20,000; pedestrian statue of General Baker, by Horatio Stone, in marble, \$10,000; bust of Chief-Justice Salmon P. Chase, by Thomas Jones, in marble, \$1,000. Of these artists, H. K. Brown has erected in Washington an equestrian bronze statue of Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott; Miss Ream has executed a statue of Abraham Lincoln, and Dr. Horatio Stone has executed marble statues of Hancock, Franklin, and Hamilton. Mr. Jones has never done anything for Congress, but his nearly-finished bust of the late Chief-Justice Chase, soon to be exhibited, will show him to be fully deserving of the commission.

The disposition of Congress to adorn the nation's metropolis and Capitol with sculpture has now assumed a magnitude that has attracted the interest of the artists, and made all devotees of true Art concerned about the way in which the patronage is bestowed. Until within a few years, only an occasional order for a picture or statue was given to the fortunate artists that happened to be in Washington. This is no longer the case. The numerous commissions given each session, and the liberal sums paid, now draw here many artists, and in the competition for them the tactics of the lobby are too often employed to secure them, and unless Congress in awarding commissions rejects favouritism, and is governed strictly by merit alone, Art in Washington is doomed to a capricious and humiliating future. Newspaper critics also have entered the field with their particular favourites, and with turgid phrase and pedantic display of artistic love cry up their merits by bitter abuse of the rival candidates. Personal spite takes the place of fair analytical discussion of the merits of each.

The fact is, the majority of Congressmen are unqualified judges of art. Many of them never saw a work of Art, or knew anything about Art before coming to Washington. Many of them own pic-

tures and statues, but are no judges of what is excellent in them, and many, caring little about such things, give their influence and vote to the first applicant. Some of them, acting upon the principle of division of offices among several States, are apt to prefer the artist from their own State, district, or region.

Chivalrous regard for the softer sex is another element of danger in the bestowal of these orders. Works of great national character should not be imperilled by a pretty face, and those persuasive fascinations of manner, beneath which hoary legislators will often melt, and vote thousands to the fair pleader, while a trained veteran in Art, of rough exterior and unskilled in wire-pulling, may be wholly ignored.

Such are some of the baneful influences that beset a proper and impartial allotment of governmental orders for works of Art. The effect of the system was shown in the rush of artists and picture-owners to Washington during the past session, eager to push their chances for orders or sales through Congress during its demoralized fever-fit of Art-patronage. Some of their works were thrust into the halls of legislation before the very eyes of members. Paintings of generals and statesmen, sea-fights, etc., invaded the building, and all the machinery of the lobby was set to work in behalf of their purchase. A wretched portrait of a late distinguished general even got foothold in an appropriation bill for a sum three times greater than Charles Elliott charged for a full-length, but was fortunately cast out. The contagion spread to the dealers in photographs, cakes, worked slippers, and other "notions," that even invaded the Old Hall of Representatives, until Architect Clark, armed with the scourge of a congressional order, upset the tables of the slipper, cake, and candy-dealers, and drove the picture-dealers from the temple. It was a great riddance, particularly in the Old Hall, henceforth to be devoted to the purposes of an American Walhalla, where will be gathered the statues and busts of the great soldiers and civilians of the republic.

It is curious to compare the present condition of this hall with the view of it painted in 1822 by the late Professor Morse, of magnetic-telegraph fame, and now on exhibition in the Corcoran Gallery of

Art. The crimson canopy of the Speaker's chair and other rich decorations have disappeared with the desks, and with the actors themselves, and this picture alone can show posterity how looked the Old Hall, over fifty years ago, when it echoed the voices of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. The visitor now beholds its noble architecture of marble and stone, as it originally stood before occupation, with the difference that the floor is elevated three or four feet—a fact few persons are aware of. Shorn of its legislative trappings, the Old Hall, with its semicircular and straight rows of breccia columns, twenty-eight feet high, with white marble capitals, its white-marble statue of 'History in the Car of Time,' its colossal figure of 'Liberty' in the shadowy arch under the dome, its marvellous spread-eagle of ten feet span, cut out of the central block of the entablature, is certainly an august temple for the statues of great men.

It now contains ten statues and a few busts belonging to the Government, and these, with some exceptions, form an auspicious nucleus for what, it is hoped, will prove an imposing array of sculptured images of our mighty dead—of soldiers and statesmen. The statues are arranged on either side of the Hall, so as to leave unobstructed a wide space for persons passing to and from the new House. On the left centre stands an excellent cast of Houdon's statue of 'Washington' at Richmond. Owing to its erect attitude, the light falls finely upon the face and figure; but why this statue is placed on a pedestal so high is a puzzle. To study the face closely, the observer is forced to look up under the projected chin, into the nostrils, with the upper face nearly lost. If this famous figure stood upon a pedestal not more than a third of the height of the entire work, its merits would be much more conspicuous. In the opposite centre, and intended as a *vis-à-vis* to President Washington, we behold Vinnie Ream's 'President Lincoln,' in marble, a work universally condemned as a stiff, commonplace statue, and as a likeness deficient in the expression which Mrs. Ames has so successfully given in the bust in another part of this Hall, redeeming the features from much of their uncouthness. An effigy of Mr. Lincoln ought to be confined to the bust. He had not the form or mien which any sculptor could dignify, and in this statue ungainliness is given without manliness, in spite of the cumbrous mass of cloak suspended from the shoulders. Again, the sheepish downlook of the head throws the lower face in grim shadow, while the light that so finely illumines Washington's uplifted visage falls upon the exaggerated eyebrows of Lincoln with an odd and most grotesque effect.

Near the Washington is the noble bronze statue of 'Jefferson,' by David of Angers, which, after standing nearly forty years in the enclosure in front of the Executive Mansion, has found a fit resting-place here. Its dingy verdigris is removed, and it now appears almost in its original brightness. Its story is a curious one. It was presented to Congress in 1830, by the late Captain (then Lieutenant) U. P. Levy, United States Navy, but it was never accepted. The Virginian members warmly opposed its acceptance, as a poor likeness, and on the ground that it was beneath the dignity of the Government to accept such a present from an individual. Strange reasons these, for David's fame as a sculptor was of the highest, and the statue was even then pronounced by the public an excellent portrait. The true reason for the opposition of the Virginians was their abhorrence of Levy personally, owing to some reported discreditable means by which he had attained the affluence that enabled him to make such a costly present. Whatever was the cause, the statue was never accepted, and it now belongs to nobody, though some of Levy's heirs have tried to recover it. It is a model of commanding dignity, with easy sway, and one leg advanced; it points with the pen in one hand to the great charter in the left. It is considered the finest statue in the collection.

Next to Jefferson stands the 'Alexander Hamilton,' in marble, by Dr. Horatio Stone. The face is of a remarkably pleasant expression, and the technical execution very good, but it suffers much in force by near contrast with David's strong work.

Next come the two marble contributions from Connecticut—for into this ark of sculpture the offerings of the States, it seems, are to come in pairs—representing Roger Sherman and Trumbull, by Ives,

of that State, executed in a broad, vigorous style, and by their homely forms not unsuccessful as types of the sturdy men of the Revolution; but still a little more of the mobility, dignity, and expression, that distinguish a statue from a figure-head, would invest these men of mind with more honour.

On the opposite side of the Hall, near the Lincoln, stands Palmer's 'Chancellor Livingston,' in bronze, a worthy *vis-à-vis* to the 'Jefferson,' and next in rank to it as a work of art. Great praise is due to it. The strong face is so kindled with intelligence, the expression of the eye is so miraculously bright, the form is robed with so much graceful propriety, and there is such a dignity thrown over its firm, judicial mien, that New York may well be proud of the jurist and the sculptor that so conspicuously adorn this Hall.

It is unfortunate for Mr. H. K. Brown that his 'De Witt Clinton,' in bronze, stands in such fatal proximity to the 'Livingston.' It is not in his best style, the failure being in the legs. Mr. Brown's genius seems better shown in his military statues, and his marble one of 'General Nathaniel Greene' placed here by Rhode Island proves where his strength lies. The easy, spirited attitude of the bluff soldier is finely rendered, and fully guarantees the excellence of the bronze equestrian statue of Greene, ordered from him by Congress.

Next stands the marble figure of 'Roger Williams,' by Simmons, the other contribution from Rhode Island, and by her eminent sculptor. This is perhaps the most winning statue in the Hall. Its fine Miltonic head, its gentle, gracious aspect, the easy extension of the right arm, the firm though light pose of the figure, together with the quaint, picturesque, ministerial garb, invest it with a sweet dignity, that at once takes captive the beholder. Rhode Island may well be proud of these finely-contrasted forms of the man of peace and her distinguished general.

Besides these ten statues there are a few busts belonging to the Government, of great merit; among them one of Crawford the sculptor, Lincoln, and of Kosciusko by Saunders, and an admirable bust of the late Senator Crittenden, belonging to his widow, by Hart, of Kentucky. This State should send a statue of that statesman as one of her contributions.

The mind looks forward to the time when this Hall will be filled with the best representations of our great men. Its availability for that purpose is very great, but more taste and judgment must be shown in the management of its contents than are now visible. Congress ought at once to insure more order and quiet there. During the session it is a noisy lounging-place, like the Rotunda—cigar-smoke fills the air, and tobacco-stains defile the marble floor. It is a great misfortune that it is the highway to the new House, but something could be done to purify it by railing in a central thoroughfare through it, and thus preserve most of the area from contamination.

It is a matter of serious regret that there is no person of acknowledged taste whose special duty it is to supervise the arrangement and care of all the works of Art in the Capitol. This want is not confined to the disposition of the statues and busts of the Old Hall. Not long ago an ordinary clock was placed in the Rotunda, under and partly over the bass-relief of 'Boone's Contest with the Indians' over the south door, and in such a way that the body of the prostrate Indian seemed to hang over the dial like a pair of saddle-bags! It has been removed to the west door, and partly serves as a pillow for Captain John Smith to rest upon before being clubbed by Powhatan. Perhaps next year it will rear its round disk under the sturdy calves of William Penn, over the north entrance; and finish the tour of the Rotunda at the east door, by showing the time of day to the 'Pilgrims landing on Plymouth Rock.' Then, again, the great portrait of Washington by Rembrandt Peale, instead of being placed in some public part of the Capitol, is hung in the room of the President of the Senate, and in an obscure light.

Let there be appointed some special custodian of these works of Art, and, as the new ones arrive, they can be judiciously arranged, and the old honoured productions in painting and sculpture will be no more degraded by the intrusive juxtaposition of any ordinary article, however useful.